

Three Taps

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by [RomanM](#)

Summary

“I can’t understand you, darling,” Hannibal coos as he looks down at him, utterly unaffected. He rests his hands on the back of Will’s skull and pushes even deeper until Will whines. “Use your hands, like I taught you.”

Hannibal teaches Will how to deepthroat.

Notes

Kinktober Dead Dove Prompt: Ignored Safeword

One Tap means Go.

Two Taps mean Pause or Slow Down.

Three Taps mean Stop.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Open wider, my boy.”

Will tries his best to comply, relaxing his jaw as Hannibal pushes deeper into his throat, deep enough that he gags. He grips Hannibal’s hip to brace himself and stares up at him with watery eyes, letting out a small, pleading sound.

“I can’t understand you, darling,” Hannibal coos as he looks down at him, utterly unaffected. He rests his hands on the back of Will’s skull and pushes even deeper until Will whines. “Use your hands, like I taught you.”

Will taps on Hannibal’s thigh twice, groaning in relief when Hannibal pulls back a few inches. Frankly, he would rather have Hannibal pull out entirely to rest his aching jaw, but that would mean tapping thrice and he isn’t quite ready to end the scene yet.

Despite the gagging and the dull pain in his throat, Will looks forward to these so-called lessons. He loves giving oral to his partners, to see them writhe in pleasure and fall apart on his tongue and mouth. Now, he longs to do the same for Hannibal.

While Will has never taken a male lover before, he makes up for his inexperience with determination, accepting Hannibal’s offer to teach him without a second thought. He hopes it’ll be enough.

“Shall we continue?” Hannibal prompts and Will hums in assent, tapping once on his thigh. Hannibal’s eyes grow tight at the corners as he smiles. “Good boy.”

He pushes in again, deeper and deeper until the head nudges the back of Will’s throat. Will responds with a strangled sound, nails digging into Hannibal’s skin as he reminds himself to relax, and he can’t help but feel grateful when Hannibal stays still for a moment, thick and heavy on his tongue. He looks up at Hannibal, reverent, and Hannibal in turn regards him with warmth and fondness as he pets Will’s dark curls. They both remain silent for a moment before Hannibal begins to move.

He starts slow and shallow at first with a roll of his hips, then he starts drawing back further and fucking in harder, punching out muffled gasps from Will’s lungs.

Will gags on a particularly harsh thrust, tears streaming down his cheeks as he clenches his eyes shut. He taps twice and pushes back against the hands around his head, hoping Hannibal would release him without further prompting. It has only been a few minutes at most but his jaw is beginning to burn, his knees are chafed raw against the carpeted floor, and while he doesn't mind the bitter taste coating his tongue, there's too much of it. He desperately wants a glass of water to wash it down.

But nothing happens. Hannibal doesn't slow down, chasing after his mouth and continuing to thrust inside. Will’s eyes snap open at that, looking up at him questioningly as he taps twice again, harder this time. Maybe Hannibal didn’t feel him the first time. Surely, he would feel it now.

But Hannibal doesn't stop. If anything, he grips his hair and starts moving even faster, his low grunts mingling with Will's panicked breathing.

Cold dread surges through his veins as Will taps thrice this time around, hoping to end the scene. He's hyperventilating, choking on drool and precome as Hannibal batters his throat, and Will wants it to stop, wants a moment to *breathe*.

With one hand still curled tightly around his hair, Hannibal gathers Will's hands and forces them behind his head, using them as leverage as he fucks his mouth with abandon. Will squirms, unable to stop the tears from spilling from his eyes as he retches at each deep thrust. It sounds obscene. It sounds *wrong*.

Then Hannibal crushes his nose against his groin as he comes, spilling hot and thick into his throat while Will gags. He coughs and sobs into the carpet when Hannibal releases him, and he feels like a mess, his face soppy with tears, sweat, drool, and come. He wants to puke it out, but he doesn't. He can't.

"You didn't stop," Will croaks out, his voice utterly wrecked. Hannibal remains quiet, staring at him, and it fills Will with bright-hot anger, wondering how Hannibal can remain unaffected by what just happened.

"I asked you to stop," he says, a little louder when the silence grows uncomfortable, and yet Hannibal continues to stare at him, unmoving. He almost seems inhuman, a plastic mannequin by how still he stands — a quiet stream, devoid of life.

Will startles when Hannibal approaches him, dread pooling in his belly when Hannibal lifts his damp chin with a finger. It must be the trick of the light but Hannibal's eyes are dark, nearly black in the dim room. Will gazes into them, his skin pebbling with gooseflesh at the sight.

There's nothing there.

No warmth, no grief, no remorse. Nothing.

"Why?" Will asks, his voice wavering.

Hannibal tilts his head, all curious and condescending, as if Will was a foolish child seeking out an obvious answer.

"Because I knew you could handle it."

It is Will's turn to stare.

He wants to chastise him, to break off their arrangement, their relationship, and he parts his lips but no words come out. Because it's true, isn't it? He was able to take it in the end. Hannibal clearly knows what he was doing. He is much more experienced than Will is anyway, so there shouldn't be a problem. Right?

Hannibal cups his cheek and smiles. "Come now. Let's get you cleaned up."

Will doesn't fight when Hannibal lifts him to his feet, nor does he tear his hand away when he leads him to the bathroom. He simply follows; he obeys. He doesn't have a choice anyway.

End Notes

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